

This Good World

THIS good old world is wonderful, it gives us every chance; and if our lives are blunderful, and if we don't advance, the fault is ours, that's evident; we do not play the game; we ought to make a heavy dent in history or fame. The world is kind and generous to every useful man; 'twill help 'em (I'll bet a tenner!) us, in every worthy plan. If we are prompt and dutiful, and labor day by day, the world will do just beautiful, and help us on our way. It makes me feel jim-jamorous, from scamp down to shoes, when kickers loud and clamorous, this good old world abuse. If it's so beastly burdensome, with grief and woe so rife, their staying here's absurd 'n' some of them should quit this life. But when they get to Paradise they'll still stand round and kick, and want to shake the narrow dice to see who throws a brick. All worlds are stern and rigorous to that besotted mind which only can be vigorous when it has fault to find. This fine old world we're broiling in, where sunshine's always free, this world we're blithely tolling in, is good enough for me!

—WALT MASON.

Getting Ready For 1915 Crowds

CALIFORNIA counties and cities are spending immense sums just to make themselves beautiful. This is in preparation for the crowds of the exposition year. California long ago realized the great money value of beauty and charm in a city or a region. Starting with less of a natural endowment than we, California has bestowed more thought and money on beauty and charm, and the asset value of such embellishment is incalculable. It brings the best class of people and holds them, when mere business opportunity would not prove nearly so effective.

El Paso has two unused opportunities in this connection, neither of which would cost much money to use to advantage, but both of which would serve to lift El Paso out of the general group into the special group of exceptionally attractive places of resort and residence. These two unused opportunities are, first, the Mesa scenic boulevard; second, curb parkways along the residence streets.

The Mesa scenic boulevard would furnish a perpetual attraction surpassing anything of this nature in the United States. Nowhere else can be had such a wonderful combination of views and impressions—the very ancient and the very modern, the beautiful mountains and the highlands, the valleys and plains, the river, and the white towered old churches flashing out of the green. El Paso must have this wonderful boulevard, for the increasing joy of all future generations as well as of our own.

The curb parkways can be had by the residents of any residence street at nominal cost. If property owners on any street desire to secure the parking—such as that on Rio Grande, Nevada, Magoffin, and other streets and adopted in Manhattan heights, Richmond terrace, Government hill, and other suburbs—The Herald on request will gladly furnish all information required to proceed. The cost is very small—far less than it costs to pave an area equal to the parking—and the city takes care of the maintenance perpetually at a rate so low that it imposes no noticeable burden on property owners or householders who are beneficiaries of the parking.

Let us get ready for 1915 visitors by starting the Mesa scenic boulevard, extending the curb parkways, and planting flower seeds everywhere. By seeding liberally this fall, we can have by spring as beautiful and flowery a city as any other.

Reform is generally always expensive.

Unrest In Britain

IN THE midst of campaign excitement in the United States, half hearted talk of peace in Mexico, and discussion of the probability of a great European war over Serbia, the news from England receives hardly the attention its importance merits. But surely a mighty upheaval threatens over there when the revolt of north Ireland, the establishment of a republic by force of arms, and organized resistance to the British government, are discussed almost calmly, as if they were inevitable, and merely a question of a little time.

The government seems almost as helpless in the face of this great peril as in the presence of a militant suffragette. We read of Belfast's home guard of four local regiments, all hostile to the government; and of the "second line" of 10,000 armed and thoroughly organized fighting men, all hostile to the government; and of the "special service corps" of 40,000 men, largely made up of veteran troops and officered by former regular army officers, this corps to be a "flying column" for service anywhere as needed—and all hostile to the government.

It is now believed to be certain that Ulster will not submit to the new home rule bill without a fight. Ulster would rather be ruled from London than from Dublin—rather be ruled by protestants than by Roman Catholics. Ulster is ready to throw 100,000 men or more into the field to fight against any "home rule" measure that subjects the northern provinces to the rule of the southern. And the crisis of more than 100 years of bitter conflict may even now be at hand.

A Los Angeles judge has just sentenced a man to six months in jail for swearing. If every man in every community got such a sentence for such an offence, who would there be left to sentence them or keep them locked up?

Every Cussion Needed

IN THE Budget fund must be included enough to take care of any extraordinary expenses in connection with the Elephant Butte dam celebration next year. So far no plans have been made for the celebration, but it is certain that an elaborate festival will be desired. And it will take a considerable fund to cover the expense. All of this must be arranged for now.

All next spring, summer, and fall El Paso will be the temporary stopping point of thousands of visitors to the California expositions. Railroad men estimate that literally millions of people will pass through El Paso during the season. All these will be eligible settlers and investors and it is the greatest opportunity ever offered El Paso to bring her advantages most cheaply and efficiently before such a large and receptive audience. These people will already have had their minds turned westward, and half the missionary work will already have been done when the visitors get this far on their journey.

In fact, our own advertising appropriation for 1915 may be regarded as only supplementary to the millions spending and to be spent by the railroads and by California. They lay all the foundation work and we have only to make such direct application and appeal as will "land the prospects."

The 1915 Budget fund of the chamber of commerce, \$50,000, is not one dollar too large. Every dollar will be needed and will be economically and efficiently expended. The people of El Paso, including the property owners not in active business, cannot afford to obstruct the progress of the community and therefore their own interests, by withholding funds to work with.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1900.

Chas. Julian returned last night from Alamogordo.
J. H. Coates returned from Missouri this morning.
Mrs. A. P. Coles returned this evening from Clarendon.
Editor Adolph Hoffman returned last night from Alamogordo.
George W. Hickox leaves tonight to join his family in California.
Mrs. Florence Brown has returned from an extended visit to Chicago.
Mrs. W. D. Howe, who went to Cloudcroft last week, returned last night.
C. R. Cunningham and family have left for Missouri to be gone for a month.
C. E. Bovee, of the auditor's office of the S. P. & N. E., has returned from Chicago.
I. R. Sheekles headed a party of five that left last night for Canutillo on a short fishing trip.
J. Callahan will leave in the morning for New York city and other eastern points on a business trip.
The S. P. & N. E. brought eight cars of cattle down last night from Oliver Lee's ranch at Alamogordo.
Clarence Mickle returned last night from the Pacific coast, where he has been taking a month's vacation.
Sackado Merriman, R. C. Boone, A. Mathias, E. M. Bray, J. H. Seaman, J. Flood, A. F. Magee, J. W. Magoffin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Blanco, Mrs. Millard Patterson, Mrs. W. C. Wals, Miss Lucy Goldberg, Frank Coles, Mrs. J. J. Campbell and children and Mrs. E. A. Shelton returned from Alamogordo last night.
Alderman James Clifford was honored at a banquet at Hotel Ordorff last night, tendered him by citizens of El Paso as a welcome back home after his prolonged trip to Europe. Capt. T. J. Beall as toastmaster delivered the welcoming speech. Attorney P. H. H. Clarke responded to the address of the toastmaster. Among the banquetees present were: Alderman James Clifford, T. J. Beall, Alderman McTuffie, Barnard, Burton, Ogden and Stewart; Richard Caples, G. C. Wimberly, P. H. Clarke, J. J. Gilbride, T. C. Lyons, H. L. Capell, T. H. Conklin, C. E. Kelly, H. H. Simpson, George W. Huffman, B. S. Catlin, John Sneed, J. H. Boone, H. R. Charman, C. T. Haze and J. D. Fonder.

Sacramento

BY GEORGE FITCH.
Author of "At Good Old Sins."

SACRAMENTO, the capital of California, is located on the extreme northern edge of the belt in which the tourist may be properly cultivated, about 100 miles northeast of San Francisco.

At one time most of Sacramento was watered by the Sacramento river which flows by the city on the west and used to ramble through it without warning during the spring freshets. But the uplift movement got into Sacramento early and it has now been elevated above flood level. It is connected with the teeming east by two transcontinental railroads and with the magnificent fruit and vegetable fields of the Sacramento valley by steamboats, trolleys and good roads. Because of this latter fact Sacramento is now a prosperous city of 50,000 people and takes a loud tenor part in the California chorus of prosperity even if the tourist does not give down as generously there as he does farther south.

Sacramento began its existence as a fort in 1829 and was founded by a Swiss officer named Sutter. Ten years later when the city was composed of Sutter a few squatters and some peevish Indians gold was discovered. In six months Sacramento had 10,000 people and had offered \$100,000 for the state capital—not to the legislators but to the state. It got the capital in 1854, and the present building is a handsome building which was large enough to accommodate both the legislature and the Southern Pacific railroad until governor Johnson delivered his famous kick three years ago.

Sacramento ships 15,000 carloads of fruit each year, prints the text books for the entire state school system, repairs the locomotives for the Southern and Western Pacific railroads and grinds the wheat of the Sacramento valley into flour. Most of the men who die millions out of the Sacramento valley moved out afterwards, but some of them stuck and the city



Governor Johnson delivered his famous kick.

is full of fine old families, who began existence with a pick and shovel but lost their brogue shortly afterwards. Sacramento suffered intensely from floods, fire and politics in its earlier years, but has prospered greatly of late. It built the first section of the Central Pacific railroad in California in 1853 and succeeded in taming it a few years ago after a long struggle. It was once the toughest city in the world, but now takes pride in its fine art gallery and its libraries of over 500,000 volumes.—Copyrighted by George Matthew Adams.

LITTLE INTERVIEWS

"THE proposition of taking care of the visitors who attend the state convention is going to be a problem in itself," said R. E. Thomason. "In addition to the regular delegates there will be hundreds of visitors and all these will have to be provided with quarters. It is not going to be an easy task. I believe that there will be more visitors than are expected. When I was in east Texas almost everyone was talking about coming to El Paso for the convention. There will be cheap rates on the railroads and the attraction of the state convention will draw hundreds of visitors to El Paso."

"The scenic highway committee has certainly gained an excellent ally in the Rotary club," said Alderman W. S. Clayton. "We are still working on the matter of securing the right of way for the scenic driving way and in this the Rotary club is going to help us. The driveway would mean much to the city and when completed it would be an attraction that any citizen could well be proud of. Within a short time the committee will have another meeting. I hope by that time there will be something definite to report."

"Regardless of their different opinions on politics El Pasoans will all work for the good of El Paso," said Charles R. Russell. "That is one thing that makes El Paso the city that it is. And not only the city, but the surrounding country has the same spirit. I wish more El Pasoans had automobiles for the automobile is certainly a wonderful factor in bringing the city and the country together. The automobile can go to points that are not reached by street car or railway. There is nothing like a person becoming familiar with the neighboring country to foster the right local spirit."

"From the pictures on the new magazine of the coming styles for women's dressing are going to be so overblastingly weird that it will be a wonder if a mere man can recognize his nearest relative or best friend in such outfitting," said Robert Mollin. "I don't see why the styles have to go in such freakish lines, not that I pretend to be any sort of authority on costumes, but they surely do look weird in the pictures. I suppose we'll get accustomed to them after our

100 Years Ago Today

A MOS A. LAWRENCE, an eminent merchant and philanthropist, was born 100 years ago today in Boston. After graduating from Harvard he entered mercantile business and accumulated a large fortune. He assisted financially in the colonization of Kansas in the early '80s and the town of Lawrence, in that state, was named in his honor. He was twice nominated for governor of Massachusetts by the Whigs and Unionists. In 1845 he gave \$10,000 for the establishment of a literary institution in Wisconsin. This institution was situated at Appleton, and was called Lawrence university in honor of the founder. Mr. Lawrence died at Nahant, Mass., in 1895. His only son, the Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, is the present Episcopal bishop of Massachusetts.

Abe Martin



Most promoters are only well dressed hoboes after all. Knocks for th' livin' an' flowers for th' dead.

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

Somebody Libeled That's a Clunk.
Now that Mr. Barnes has sued Col. Roosevelt for libel on the ground that the colonel says Barnes's methods are worse than Murphy's, it seems to be up to Murphy to sue Barnes for libel on the ground that he has brought such a suit.

Shaky Claim.
A Connecticut man wants \$50,000 for supplies furnished by his ancestors to Washington's army. History is against him. If Washington's army had ever had \$50,000 worth of supplies it would have won the revolution in seven days instead of seven years.

Just to Make Sure.
Judging by the cases of Warburg and Jones, it might be wiser for Mr. Wilson not to nominate the successor to Judge Larrison till the senate has first confirmed him.

The Price Will Go Up, Anyway.
The record production of anthracite was made in 1913, and the mine owners will have to increase prices because it cost more to handle so much of it.

Priceless.
The reason why Mr. Witherspoon's example in giving back his salary for the time he was absent from congress is not more widely followed is the average congressman's firm belief that all the gold of the Indies would not compensate the country for the loss of his services for a day or two.

But It's Too Late Now.
The fans who clamored for the end of the baseball strike are beginning to wonder if the strike wouldn't have furnished better sport than some of the games that have been played since it was settled.

Would Be Worth the Money.
The Maine Democrats who have asked Mr. Bryan to come up there and help out in the campaign will not be sure of a favorable reply unless they enclose a certified check for the usual Chauntiquus rates.

ANOTHER POLITICAL PARTY IN ARIZONA

Phoenix, Ariz., July 31.—Is there a movement on foot to place a "Progressive Republican" state ticket in the field?

This is a question brought up by a telephone message to secretary of state Sidney P. Osborn. The inquirer wanted to know what procedure must be followed to get a ticket on the ballot under the name of "Progressive Republican." Osborn told him that as there was no such party at the last election the signatures of two per cent of the voters was necessary. Before Osborn could inquire his name the party at the other end of the line hung up.

TWO MILLION ACRES ARE WITHDRAWN FROM ENTRY.

Phoenix, Ariz., July 31.—Two million acres of land in all parts of Arizona have been withdrawn from the enlarged homestead tract, through orders received at the local United States land office from Washington.

Originally designated as tracts upon which enlarged homesteads might be entered, this land was discovered unsuitable for such entry and the cancellation issued.

"This Is My Birthday Anniversary"

"Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November.
All the rest have thirty-one
Save—"

YOU know what month is the exception, so you are sure that July has 31 days. The first two lines have sung themselves into your mind and are there for keeps. There are all sorts of little helps for the memory which we use, and many more which we might employ, if we but put some thought to the subject.

Among the El Paso boys and girls born on July 31 are:

Ruth Gebler, 19.	Mary Campbell, 11.
Fred Wollerson, 9.	Anastacia Telles, 17.
Albert Edward Howe, 8.	Newell Thomas, 12.
Margaret Hardie, 14.	Maria Roberts, 11.
Elliot Moss, 12.	Myra Jackson, 15.
Marguerite O'Brien, 9.	Eva Murray, 16.
Harry Talpis, 10.	Francis Dillon, 14.
Ruth Brown was 8 years old yesterday.	Charles Davis, 16.

"Miss Birthday" has a ticket of admission to the Bijou for each one listed above. Call at The Herald office.

Poly Proves Himself a Hero

By FLORENCE E. YODER.



©FEES

IT WAS after supper, and there had been a shower, so that it was nice and cool, in Tabbyland. All of the animals had come out of their houses, and were sitting on their front steps, their porches, and even out on the walks. The old maid dog ladies, were in two little rocking chairs just alike. Mrs. Hicks was sitting in a straight backed chair on her porch, and down at the Tabby's house, almost all of the children in town had gathered. Poly and Toby were there, as fat and round as two balls, of butter; Fannie Hicks and her brother Toby; the two little puppy boys that Poly had found to play with Toby, who didn't have any names; and all of the Tabby children.

They were bracing, just as any children are apt to brag, and they were even better at it, for animals are really very conceited. "What would you do," said Tessie, pushing Tom over to make more room so that she could spread out her skirts, "what would you do if the house caught fire?" All the pairs of round eyes looked at her, and several mouths came open, with an Ohhh, but no one but Tom Tabby answered.

"I'd find out where it was," he stood up and put his paws in his pockets while everyone looked at him, "then I'd—" he paused and reached out and pushed Poly over into the wet grass, "push my way out of the window and down the vine!"

Everyone laughed but Poly, and he was very angry. He got slowly up and tried to brush the drops of water off, but made no attempt to get back at Tom. "That makes two things I owe you for," he growled, but Tom only laughed. "You're a coward," he taunted. "That is what you are, you're afraid to hit me"—but he stopped at the look on Poly's chubby face. "I won't fight you," said Poly while the children gathered about them, "because I can lick you and I am bigger than you are."

Tom laughed, and replied with a shrug of his shoulders. "That's a good excuse," but he did not annoy Poly any more. The children settled down again and began to tell stories, but Tom was not happy with Poly and Toby and the two little puppy boys in the crowd. When they got up quietly and left after a few moments, he was relieved.

"That Poly really must be a coward," he said, as they disappeared down the road. "He never will fight." "Fighting doesn't show whether or not you are a coward," put in Tessie. She had always made fun of Poly herself, but she would not let Tom call him a coward before the other children. "Some day Poly will prove that he is as brave as any one."

Tom and the other children laughed, but another little kitty girl shook her head and said that she believed as Tessie did. They did not have long to wait to find out.

Something woke the little puppy boy up late in the night. He sniffed then he sat up, then he jumped out of bed and woke Toby, and in a second they had waked the puppy children, and the four of them had started down the stairs. The smoke nearly blinded them, and they were nearly dead with terror, but they managed to get through and out into the road.

Suddenly Poly caught his little sister by the arm. "Where's the other puppy?" he cried in alarm. Roly dried her eyes and looked above. There was only one little puppy on the ground crying as if his heart would break. The other one was still in the house, lost in the smoke.

Poly stood up very straight. His eyes were wide with terror, and his heart was beating like a trip hammer, but there was no fear there. "Tom Tabby said that I was a coward," he thought quickly. "Well, I'll show him. I'll do the hardest thing that there is for an animal person to do," and with that he crawled low and ran back into the smoke and flames.

You can see very plainly in the picture that he was not safe, with the frightened little puppy in his arms.

He was the real hero of Tabbyland for many a day, but the thing that made him feel the best was when Tom Tabby came frankly to him and took back what he had said before all of the children.—(Copyright, 1914, F. E. Yoder.)

The Daily Novelette

THE ASSASSIN.

A deadly dose.
An awful story.
The case, the case in the Col-um-bus.

THE low gray clouds grew lower and grayer as the mysterious looking stranger paused in front of the chemist's shop and glanced furtively as though to see if he was followed.

But the only person in sight was a stray dog leaning against a billboard, so the stranger stepped quickly into the shop and beckoned to the clerk.

"I want to buy a poison," he cried in a low, sibilant tone—next door to a hiss, really.

"Yes, sir," said the clerk, "what kind of a poison?"

The other leaned closer.

"One that will kill a man if he but places a drop on the end of his tongue!" he whispered.

"Ah, a strong poison?"

"The strongest," kissed the stranger. "One drop on the end of his tongue—that's the kind!"

"I know, you want aeroplane poison—one drop and you're dead!"

"That's the kind, boy. Give me some, quick!"

The clerk looked surprised.

"But," he remarked, "we don't sell poisons. Customers ought to do."

The clouds were really dreadfully low and gray as the stranger eluding softly, made his way out of the chemist's shop and again glanced furtively to see if he was followed.

INDOOR SPORTS

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INDOOR SPORTS—COVERING UP AN AWKWARD REMARK PULLED BY HORACE AND CONCERNING THE GUEST AT EATS.

TRYING TO PUT A GUEST AT EASE

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TRYING TO PUT A GUEST AT EASE.